

Death of a Famous Walkist

With deep sorrow and sincere regret we announce the death of that grand old veteran of the middle Eighties, Michael Hickey of Newmarket-on-Fergus, who peaceably and in love with Clare and all his old associates passed away after a brief illness at the hospice for the dying, Harold's Cross, Dublin, on Wednesday, 29th Nov. His remains were brought by road to his old townland Newmarket where a special Requiem Mass was celebrated on Thursday morning, after which the funeral cortege of very large and popular representation wended its way via dolorosa to the family burial place Killnasoolagh. The graveside burial services were recited by Rev Father Clune, and the remains were piously and truly solemnly lowered into the final resting place of one of Ireland's noted athletes—a Clareman who carried to victory the colours he was so proud of, green and white, and which popularized his honest name all over the United States as well as his native land. Coming home from America some few months ago he paid flying visits to see some of his old competitors, and notably the fond group who in 1886 toed the mark at the Markets Field under the old pistol of Mr Bruce Murray, of Todd & Co., but, much to his personal sorrow, they had all gone to that silent land with one or two exceptions. He spent a good deal of his vacation with his brother-in-law, Mr James McNamara, who kindly piloted poor Michael Joe to the old friends and went as far as Carrick and Waterford to see the Davins and good old Larry O'Connor, one of his opponents on the grass track. The Press at the time paid "Mike" Hickey many lovely tributes for his speed, style and honesty, and "Val" Dunbar of the "Blue Un," and "Irish Cyclist" wrote: "Hickey's method is ideal, for honesty and honour, and would not bend the knee for a kingdom." His best years were 87 88 and 1890, having met all the picked men—Wall, Hogan, Carroil, Beaumont, Touchstone, Quinlan and the popular P F O'Urowicy, as well as Jack O'Connell of Kilsbane. He tried his luck in America with great success, still loyal to the green and white, and helped to make race walking a fine art by his very superior style. We mourn his loss, for we knew his merits as an athlete and a man—a true Irishman and one of nature's own gemmen.—P. J. REA.